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THE TIMES.

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UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

BY L. VIRGINIA SMITH.

Dost thou not hear it? 'Tis upon the breeze,
And by the brookside, in the forest aisles,
And far away where cloud and sunshine meet
In the deep azure sky. The symphonies
Of spring are gushing fervently and free,
As early orisons from the pure hearts
And lips of childhood. From the valley green
Where wave the slender willows, upward steals
The low, clear tinkling of the rivulet,
As though it mocked the roving zephyr's search
For its sweet hiding place. The bird and bee
Sing to the blossoms, and their minstrelsy
Calls forth the queenly rose, as erst the lay
Of bard was wont to herald the approach
Of beauty to the tournament. On high
The sky lark bathes his bosom in the cloud,
And every tiny drop within it thrills
To his glad melody, as thrills the hearts
Of some vast multitude of listeners
When Sweden's song bird sings.

Around the eves
Flits the young blue-bird, and the little wren
With its low, piping note, the humming bird
Bright as a folding rainbow, while afar
From the deep everglede comes up the call
Of sweet voiced dwellers in the solitude,
Where the dark cedar flings its mossy boughs
O'er the white crest dogwood trees, is heard
The winding of the locust's tiny horn;
While from the beechen grove the katy-did
Sends forth her merry challenge. At early morn
The gay grass hopper, with his fery fife
Sounds a shrill reveille, and swift at eve
The elves come trooping to the beetle's drum;
Then, when the thunder, with its organ swell,
Peels through the dome of Heaven, how softly fall
The footsteps of the rain—like to a band
Of gentle worshippers slowly entering
The temple of the Lord.

Oh! what a world
Of heaven descended music lies around
Our daily path-way; in the morning air,
The noontide glory and the dewy fall
Of dusky twilight, in the carolings
Of bird and breeze, the murmur of the leaves,
And the lowly gliding streamlet. Shall we note
Their many braided melodies? or give again
Their spells of song to thousands? None; but one;
And yet the poorest slave may revel in
This music, written by the hand of God.

THE LIFE GUAGE.

BY ABBY ALLIN.

They err who measure life by years,
With false or thoughtless tongue;
Some hearts grow old before their time;
Others are always young!

'Tis not the numbers of the lines
On life's fast-filling page;
'Tis not the pulses added throbs,
Which constitute our age.

Some souls are serfs among the free,
While others nobly strive;
They stand just where their fathers stood;
Dead, even when they live!

Others, all spirit, heart and senses—
Theirs the mysterious power
To live in thrills of joy or wo,
A twelvemonth in an hour!

Seize, then the minutes as they pass—
The woof of life is THOUGHT!
Warm up the colours, let them glow,
By fire or fancy fraught!

Live to some purpose—make thy life
A gift of use to thee—
A joy, a good, a golden hope,
A heavenly argosy!

GOOD.

The following, which we clip from an exchange, only goes to prove that—"some things can be done as well as others!"

When lovely woman veils her bosom
With muslin fashionably thin,
What man with eyes, could e'er refuse 'em
Cautiously from peeping in?
And when his ardent gaze returning,
The muslin heaves to deep drawn sighs,
Would not his fingers' be burning
To press—*his hat down e'er his eyes?*

Cashmere Goats in South Carolina.

The New York Herald acknowledges the receipt of a quantity of snow-white Cashmere wool, raised in South Carolina, by James K. Davis, from goats brought by him from Persia. Dr. Davis went out to Turkey some seven or eight years ago, on invitation of the Sultan, to attempt the cultivation of cotton from the best seeds of the South. He failed in the trial; but he brought home some beautiful Persian goats, which produce the Cashmere wool, and from them he is raising a flock of goats, which promise to be a valuable addition to our domestic stock.

If we want to get wisdom we must do as the chickens do when they feed, pick up a little at a time.

From the New York Tribune.

Progress and Influences of Commerce.

BY THE REV. DR. VINTON.

Dr. Vinton delivered a Lecture on Tuesday evening, at the Brooklyn Athenæum, with the title, "the Merchant, or the Progress and Influences of Commerce," to a large audience.

The Lecturer introduced his subject with a eulogy on Agriculture, Art, and Commerce as a noble triad, not indeed born together, yet knit into a fellowship of kindred and affinity. After a historical sketch of the origin and developments of trade, and also of the useful arts, the more immediate topic of the lecture was entered upon with the remark that Solomon was a royal merchant. He was among the first potentates who made a "navy of ships." They were built on the shore of the Red Sea, in the land of Edom. Solomon had a partner in the person of Hiram. They pushed their joint adventures with great profit. The earliest voyages had gold gathering for their object. Hence Ophir was the great point of attraction. Silver and iron and other minerals were added to their freight, and also the beautiful woods of the country from which "staircases for the Lord's house were made. After some etymological speculations as to where Ophir was located, in which the hypothesis that California now occupies its seat was broached and favored as among probabilities, and further notice of the progress of commerce in Solomon's time, a general survey was taken of the more ancient international exchanges, the lecturer went on to say that the modern merchant had attained his proud pre-eminence by slow and painful steps of trembling ventures. It was contended that no department of human enterprise had called for stronger exertions, or a greater spirit of daring adventure than that of Commerce. In the East the birth of civilization took place and there it soonest attained to old age. Bishop Berkeley's famous Ode was framed on this circumstance, pointing out the course of Empire:

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest offspring is her last!"

The greater part of the Eastern Commerce of the ancient eras was of land carriage. The caravan was the only fleet that went from nation to nation.

The invasion of the Roman Empire by the Northern Barbarians was dwelt on, and its consequences pointed out, and the origin of the cities of Venice, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, "trading as they rose, "and rising higher by trading," was "clearly described. The Medici, and "other merchant princes," were noticed honorably in passing to other topics. The Crusades, and their influence on trade, were not forgotten, and the striking fact of their beligerent intentions being overruled for the promotion of peace. Next, Holland and Flanders were brought into review, and justice was done to the persevering Dutch merchants, with their wondrous reclamations of sea-side lands with dykes. These indomitable men damed back the surges, repelled the tides of old Ocean—aye, fought the very Moon and conquered! On these reclaimed shores they built their habitations, thus invading the very territories of the waters. A warm eulogy was passed upon Hollandic enterprise and perseverance. To the Hanstowns, was referable the origin of the principle of commercial honor. They were not afraid to trust each other, and thus they gave an example to their people which had much to do in modifying the system of exchange and valuation. Credit needed an exponent. Hence sprang up Bills of Exchange, as a currency of Commerce. The history of Exchanges was traced, and an interesting account was given of the Lombardy Jewish Bankers, whose certificates of deposit circulated in Lombard street, London, as the first approach to the modern bank bill. Out of this grew the all powerful banking and credit system of our owners. The money-changer's little bench on the Rialto in the twelfth century, has become the sensitive index of changes in the world, and the very regulator of the world—the very sport of political accidents, and the controller of politics—the creature of commerce, and the mighty director of universal trade; sustained by the trembling, nervous, palpitating thing called CREDIT, and upholding credit in its brawny arms all over the round earth. The speaker then considered the slow progress of trade in England, and passed thence to a sketch of the history of modern commerce, from the first venture of Columbus from Palos. In the eighteenth century commerce began to take the position of prime minister, and to rule the sovereign and guide the legislature. It assumed the ermine, sat upon the bench, and introduced new chapters into the law reports. It formed alliances with religion, and suggested big thoughts of missionary undertakings to the heathen world. It was omnipresent among all classes, opening markets for agriculture and arts, providing means for popular education, comforting poor and rich with foreign productions that once no potentate could command. And when the nineteenth century broke into day, commerce was dealing with men in the farthest corners of the earth. Dr. V. next spoke of the invention of the steam-engine and the Telegraph, most eloquently depicting their immense labors and incalculable value in aid of commerce. He concluded in the following words: The grand principle of commercial credit, on which the operations of trade are now conducted, requires that the merchant should acknowledge the bands of brotherhood, while he stands erect in the dignity of self-respect and independance. And I am sure that, notwithstanding instances of dishonor, deceit and fraud, there never was a period in the history of man when truth and honesty have been more illustrious than in the thirty years of commercial dealings since the peace of Europe. There has been no era like it in the annals of the world. Never until the dawn of the latter half of this century, in 1831, has it been possible for foreign merchants to look each other in the face—possible, in a moral sense, for correspondents to look one another in the eye without a blush—possible, in a physical point of view, for men of every nation to meet together in one arena, to compare the fruits of their industry and art. But this great event, this unforeseen possibility, has come to pass! People different in religion, in language, in costume, in customs, in modes of living and habits of labor, have been brought into contact—all to stand beneath the triumphal edifice of Anglo-Saxon skill, all gazing at each other's products, all teaching or acquiring knowledge, all imbibing reverence for human fellowship, all catching fire from emulation in the industrial arena. I see before my mind's eye the crystal structure in Hyde Park, founded by princely sagacity, and reared by the mechanic art of British workmen, in the Commercial Capital of the world. It stands in the midst of the warriors of sea and land, surrounded also by memorials of cloistered learning and of Christian sympathy, encompassed besides with the proofs of a living civilization of the highest type, and filled with curious stuffs that industry has wrought and commerce has collected. Man out of every country, every kindred of the lands are congregated therein, speaking tongues wherewith they were born, yet feeling that there is a common language that all can understand, belonging to the family of the nations. In imagination, I am beneath the transparent arch, looking upward to the firmament of the stars, and outward upon the earth, and around upon the masses of mankind; and I conceive that I am contemplating the Progress of commerce, its triumph, its promise, its gorgeous jubilee. That Crystal Palace was a symbol. It was a kind of sacrament. It was the outward and visible sign of national fellowship. It was the diadem of peace. No former age has been competent to produce the phenomenon of the representation of the world. No other age has witnessed a universal concourse, unarmed, undisturbed, confiding, serene and tranquil, conscious of their security, under the safeguard of civil law. No other age nor generation has been able to furnish an opportunity for heart to beat against heart, and hand to join in hand, with the pledge of Peace. The great idea is fixed, and is taking root. It is already reproducing itself. It is grown up beautifully in the midst of us. It is bearing fruit in other countries. The spirit of the age in Commerce, and its temple shall be reared in every land. But this spirit of the age suggests dangers and warnings as well as hopes and gratulations. The imminent danger to commercial men is covetousness. The rapidity of commercial agencies has accelerated everything they touch. Men are more impatient than when the wheel of intercourse went slow, and the argosy made one voyage a year. Haste to be rich—haste to realize a fortune, is a dangerous snare to honor and to honesty. Beware, then, of that idolatry which shall end in shame. Beware of 'the *love* of money," which is 'the root of all evil. God has made Commerce the pioneer to his Religion. *He* has purposes higher, holier and more blessed than to promote merely the temperate comforts of mankind. The merchant should be mindful of God's designs and Providence. The merchant should believe that he is a minister and steward of the mysteries of God, in his appointed sphere and measure. Let him, then, cease to be a mere shopman, a trader, a selfish accumulator of filthy lucre. But let him be the *Statesman*, the *Philanthropist* the *Christian*. The fate of Tyne awaits those cities which, like her, were puffed up with pride of wealth and fulness of bread, forgetful of Him "who giveth us "power to get wealth." Let us hope better things; for as commerce has wrought exploits in civilizing the world, so ought we to expect her to fulfil her mission in helping the Church to christianize the world. Thus shall the poet's idea be realized in the merchants of our day—that "accomplished merchants are accomplished men." Let me conclude with Dr. Young's concluding verse in his ode to the merchant:

"Merchant! Religion is thy care,
To grow as rich as angels are, [main
To know false coin from true—to sweep the
That mighty stake secure, beyond
The strongest tie of field or fund— [GAIN."
Commerce gives GOLD—Religion makes its

The Pacific Ours.

The Richmond Examiner, in speaking of the Sandwich Islands and our commerce in the Pacific, says that that Ocean is as exclusively an appurtenance, casement, common appendant Inland Sea of this Republic, as the Chesapeake Bay itself, or as the Irish Sea is of Great Brittain.

True, we have not a deed under seal and sign manual from the other nations or if—true, we could not maintain our exclusive right to its use and dominion over it, under the Law International—true, we would not illiberally be willing to lay an embargo upon the marine of other nations trading over it—but it is true, also, that the beneficial enjoyment of that immense field of commerce, is as peculiarly ours as the pure atmosphere which overspreads our vast and blessed land, and the chrystal streams that course from our innumerable mountain fountains.

England and the United States.

A London paper says: It is a gratifying symptom that, in all our calculations for assistance for the future, no one party in the empire looks for support to our old allies of 1815, Russia and the German sovereigns. The press, legislators and local orators all look westward for assistance, should the exigencies of our circumstances need it. This feeling is kept alive by prose and verse. Witness the following from the Examiner.

Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood;
We know the most, we love thee best,
For art thou not of British blood?
Should War's mad blast again be blown
Permit not then the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
Hands all round!
God the tyrants cause confound!
To our great kinsman of the West, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round!

Arise, our great Atlantic song,
When War against our freedom springs!
O speak to Europe through your guns—
They can be understood, I sings!
You must not mix our queen with those
Who wish to keep the people fools!
Our freedoms foemen are her foes—
She comprehends the race she rules.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our dear kinsmen of the West, my friends,
And the great cause of freedom, round and round!

It seems that Mr. BELMONT found at the Hague the same difficulty in getting access to Court that Mr. VROOM experienced at Berlin, but unlike that gentleman, he did not succumb to the royal toggery-monger. When his Dutch Majesty objected to receiving the American Charge d'Affaires in citizens clothes the Charge replied that he must be so received or out at'all and received he was accordingly. We commend the spirit of Mr. Belmont all the more because thus far we have not found much else to commend about his official care. He did no more than his duty in standing firm on the clothes question. The demand of the Dutch Court, that he should put on a livery of some sort in order to be received, was in fact an insult to the American people. This is a point to which we invite the careful attention of the public and of Congress. It is a universal rule that a Minister, or Charge d'Affaires; or a private subject, or citizen of any Government, may appear at any Court in that costume in which he appears at the Court of his own sovereign, or in the presence of the head of his own nation. Thus, a Minister from China would be received in Chinese constume, and one from Turkey in the graceful dress of a Turk. This is the case the world over and at the most punctillious Courts. When Jung Bahadur came from Nepaul to visit Queen Victoria, he was not required to put on a wig and small clothes, but paid his respects to her Majesty in the splendid attire he was wont to wear before his own monarch at home. Now we protest against allowing any violation of this principle in the case of the representatives of this country. Self respect should require us to insist on their reception by foreigh potentates in the dress they wear when visiting the President. Should a military or naval officer be sent as an Envoy to Europe or elsewhere, it would be very proper for him to wear his uniform on official occasions just as he would do at home. But why should a civilian who has no uniform, and would blush to be seen in one at the President's levee, rig himself out in gold-lace and embroidery at Berlin or St. Petersburgh? Why should an American stoop to do what even a barbarian is not required to do, change the official costume of his country for a Chinese petticoat at Pekin, or a fancy embroidered swallow-tailed velvet; such as the illustrious Soule now sports so fascinatingly at Madrid? It is an absurdity and a degradation, and we trust Congress will take the matter in hand, and supply the place of Mr. Marcy's halfway and unsatisfactory circular by a positive law on the subject.

Flesh Eating and Vegetable Eating.

To consider man anatomically, he is decidedly a vegetable eating animal. He is constructed like no flesh eating animal, but like all vegetable eating animals. He has not any claws like the lion, the tiger, or the cat, but his teeth are short and smooth, like those of the horse, the cow, and the fruit eating animals; and his hand is evidently intended to pluck the fruit, not to seize his fellow animals. What animals does man most resemble in every respect? The ape tribes: frugiverous animals. Doves and sheep by being fed on animal food, (and they may be, as has been fully proved,) will come to refuse their natural food: thus it has been with man. On the contrary, even cats may be brought up to live on vegetable food so that they will not touch any sort of flesh, and be quite vigorous and sleek. Such catswill kill cats and refusethem as food.

Man is naturally a vegetable eating animal: how then could he possibly be injuried by abstinence from flesh? A man by way of experiment was made to live entirely on animal food; after having persevered ten days, symptoms of incipient putrefaction began to manifest themselves. Dr. Lambe, of London, has lived for the last thirty years on a diet of vegetable food. He commenced when he was about fifty years of age, so he is now about eighty, rather more, I believe, and is still healthy and vigorous. The writer of the Oriental Manual mentions that the Hindoos among whom he travelled were so free from any tendency to inflamation, that he has seen compound fracture of the skull among them, yet the patient to be at his work, as if nothing ailed him, at the end of three days. How different is it with our flesh eating, porterswilling London brewers: a scratch is almost death to them,—*Flowers and Fruit, by J. E. Duncan*:

True and Touching Incident.

The New Orleans Delta gives the following:

An official on All Saints' Day, arrayed himself in his best apparel, and at the request of his wife, called a carriage to visit the cemeteries. The husband, be it premised, knew that his beloved, ere he married her was a widow. As soon as they entered the gate of the said City of Silence, a shade of melancholy passed over the lady's face, and clinging to her husband's arm, she went to a tomb, at which she knelt, and prayed for the repose of her "dear dead husband's soul." Tears flew plentifully; but the living husband, though he felt a little mortified at the strong affection which his wife showed for her first love, now sleeping the eternal sleep, still forgave the outburst, and hurried her from the spot.—Soon, however, she knelt before another tomb, and again uttered a touching orison for the repose of the soul of "her dear dead husband," whose holy dust there found a resting place.

The husband thought that was a little more than he had bargained for; but he said nothing, though grave were his reflections, as he again led his wife from a spot which awakened such sad remembrances. He had not gone far when his wife again turned aside, knelt, and then prayed as before for the repose of "dear dead husband's soul!" The husband could stand it no longer, and uttered an unexcusable and unhusbandly oath, said: "D——n it, Madame! how many husbands, in the Lord's name, have you buried?" Ere the accusing spirit had flown to heaven's chancery with the oath the thoughts of the wife were recalled to the things of the earth, earthy," and she answered, as only an experienced and provoked woman could answer- "Three, Sir, only, and *that*, it would seem by your outrageous conduct, *is one too few!*"

A Female Crusoe.

There is now in Santa Barbara, California a great curiosity, it is an Indian woman, who has lived for eighteen years alone upon the Island of Nicholas—a small island about forty-five miles from that place, during which time she has not seen the face of a human being. The island was once inhabited by a tribe of Indians, to whom the Northwestern tribes were hostile. To preserve the remnant of this tribe from destruction, as well as with a view to christianize them the Padras induced them to come to the main land eighteen years ago. After they were all on board the vessel sent for them, this woman swam ashore to look for her child, which had been left; and a storm springing up in the night the vessel was compelled to put to sea, and on returning, she could not be found.—She was known to be alive by those who at times visited the island for the purpose of hunting otters, from the marks, and from foot prints in the sand.

On being approached the other day she manifested much joy, which she betrayed by signs of the most magnificent character, and at once commenced packing up her few articles of furniture. Her clothing consisted of the skins of birds sewed together with the fibres of some trees or plant. Her food has been shellfish, seals and a small bulbous root, similar in appearance to an onion, but wholly tasteless.—The needles with which she stitches her garments aremade of the sharp bones of a fish. She had two hooks made of a bent nail and sharpened by friction upon a stone. Her lines were beautifully twisted from the sinews of some animal, probably a species of fox which abound on the Island.

Nebraska.

We have the best authority for stating that the emigration to Nebraska is surprisingly great. Trains of wagons may be seen from day to day advancing upon that territory. The knowledge of its genial climate and fertile soil, which has been widely and rappidly diffused through the agency of Col. Benton, and the press, is now producing its legitimate result. The men of small capital but of strong hearts and hands inured to toil, who are laudably ambitious of sitting beneath their own vine and fig trees and of making homes for their own wives and children, are casting off the incubus of rent, and are going into the new country determined to elevate themselves from the position of renters, into the more secure and honorable one of land owners. Young men, also, whose pole-stars are a farm and a wife, are rushing in with the speed of hunters, for when they secure the former they will have better claims to ask for the latter. This advantage Nebraska promises them, and they are availing themselves of it with the utmost zeal.

It is not alone from Missouri the columns proceed which are devouching on Nebraska; Kentucky and other adjacent as well as proximate States, are pouring streams into the reservoir.—*St. Louis.*

Profit of Feeding Corn to Hogs.

In the Ohio Agricultural Report for 1852, now in press, we notice in the report from Highland county, by C. C. Sams, a calculation based upon experiments, designed to answer the oft-repeated question as to how much pork a bushel of corn will make. We copy from the Report:

"It is estimated, from an experiment made by S. B. Anderson, that 100 bushels of corn will produce 1,050 lbs. of gross increase in the weight of hogs. 100 thrifty hogs were weighed and put into a pen. They were fed for 100 days as much corn as they would eat. The average consumption was 100 bushels every six days. The average gross increase per hog for the 100 days was 175 lbs., or at the rate of 1¾ lbs. per day.

It thus appears that 1 bushel of corn will produce a gross increase of 10½ lbs. Throwing off 1-5 to come at the net weight, gives 8 2-5 lbs. of pork as the product of 1 bushel of corn. If 8 2-5 lbs. of pork are made by 1 bushel, or 56 lbs of corn, 1 lb. of pork is the product of 6 2-3 lbs. of corn.

From an experiment made by Samuel Linn, of this county, with 58 hogs, as reported in the Patent Office Report for 1849, 6 ¼ lbs. of corn produced 1 lb. of pork.

From the experiment of the Hon. H. L. Ellsworth, reported in the Patent Office Report for the year 1847, it appears that 3 4-5 lbs. of cooked meal made 1lb. of pork. This experiment was on a small scale.

Assuming that it requires 6 2-3 lbs. of corn to make 1 lb. of pork, the cost of its production will be seen from the following table. The labor of feeding and taking care of the hogs is not included in the estimate:

When corn costs	12½ c.	per bu.	pork costs	1	c. per lb.
"	17c	"	"	2c	"
"	25c	"	"	3c	"
"	33c	"	"	4c	"
"	42c	"	"	5c	"

The following table shows what the farmer realizes for his corn, when sold in the form of pork:

When pork sells for	3c	per lb.	corn brings	25cts.	p bu
"	4c	"		33c.	"
"	5c	"		42c.	"
"	6c	"		50c.	"

Japan Pea.

Among the new products which promise to be profitable for western farmers, the Japan Pea deserves especial notice. It grows upon a strong, branching stem, some three feet high, with numerous clusters of pods, containing about three peas each, of the size of the common field pea. An ordinary stem which we raised this season produced 276 pods; and we have reports of others producing much more than this. Many farmers desire to raise field peas for stock purposes, but are unable to grow them upon our rich lands, to such the Japan Pea may prove valuable; it is also said to be good for table use, but of this we cannot speak from experience. In taste it resembles a bean, rather than a pea. Any one wishing to try the experiment of cultivating this pea will be furnished with a dozen grains, while our stock lasts, on sending us a *fip* or two stamps, to cover expense of postage and paper. We shall publish an article on the mode of culture, in due time.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

Premium Corn in Columbiana.

At the late fair in Columbiana county, the first premium was awarded to J. N. Nixon, for a field of five acres, producing 127 bushels and 3 quarts of shelled corn per acre. John Hisey took the second premium, for a field of two acres, producing 117 bushels per acre. We also learn that David Fawcett, near Salem, presented a field of five acres, from which was harvested 116 bushels per acre.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

Abernethy.

Dr. J. Abernethy, one of the most eminent surgeons and medical writers of the last century, several anecdotes are recorded. He was extremely excentric, or rather was extremely manly. He acted and spoke always as nature dictated and not as custom ordained. To a rich valetudinarian gentleman he once said: "Live on a sixpence a day and earn it," and to a lady of the same species who offered him a fee he said: "Madam, keep your money and buy a skipping rope." When he loved he still continued to despise the forms with which society ever seeks to encumber the sayings and doings of men. He did not waste his time in courting, nor prostrate himself as is usually the case before the relatives of his Eve. He met her in the streets, revealed his affections for her, and offered her his hand. She accepted it, and he immediately gave her a purse, with orders to furnish a house.

A man in California, under sentence of death, by hanging, asked the sheriff the evening previous to the execution: "I say, sheriff, what hour is that little affair of mine coming off?"

The California Mines Outdone.

In confirmation of this, *La Libertad*, a paper just published in Trujillo, in the republic of Bolivia, says every day increases the desire there to have the road opened from Bongara to the Amazon, owing to the extraordinary reports which have reached Santaigo de Botjs, where the road terminates, regarding the discovery of gold in the beds of the Amazon and its branches.

The reports previously received here, of one being able to take out twenty-five pounds daily, are confirmed, and it is added positively that these rich washings extend forty leagues. Commandant Najar reported, some time since, that in a handful of sand more than half would prove gold. From Chachapoyas to the margin of the gold district is thirty-six leagues, and the journey can be made on foot in four days. Dr. Reyna, who is well acquainted with these regions, was forming a party to set out during the present month to explore the mines.

Old Fogy.

We have lately seen several definitions of "old fogy." The last is given by a correspondent of the Pennsylvanian: "It is one who sits on the shirt tail of progress, and cries 'whoa! whoa!'"

Poor Man.

A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, that you never marry a poor man; but remember, the poorest man in the world is the one that has money, and nothing else.

From the New York Dutchman

Crumbs for all kinds of Chickens.

An up-river writer thinks if we could "put a fence around Indian Summer," so as to keep it from going south, we should give to this world such a beatific complexion that few people would "hanker" after Paradise. Just our opinion exactly. There is an all-over-ishness produced by those warm, quiet smoky, gold-edged days, called "Indian Summer," which operates upon the soul like an opiate shed by a flute.

The Boston *Bee* says that twelve thousand bushels of cranberries were brought to that market in one day, and that nearly all of them sold at $1,75 per bushel.

A Russian gentleman residing in N. Y. has occasion, not long since, to bring to this country his overcoat, which was lined within with sable, agreeably to Russian custom, and the duty assessed on it amounted to $700—the garment having been appraised at something like $3,000.

A neighbor of ours informs us that wood *goes further* when left out of doors that when housed; some of his having gone upwards of a quarter of a mile one night.

Yankee Sullivan again Arrested.

The Sheriff of Westchester county arrested Sullivan in this city, on Wednesday, for having violated the conditions of a pardon he received from a former Governor of this State. Being the second in a pugilistic fight, in which one of the parties was killed, Sullivan was tried at White Plains, and found guilty of manslaughter in the 4th degree and sentenced to the State Prison, from which he was pardoned, before he served out his time, on condition that he would never again be concerned in any prize fight. Having violated the condition of his pardon by recently engaging in another prize fight, the authorities of Westchester considered that he had rendered himself liable to imprisonment for the balance of the term for which he had been sentenced, and had him arrested.—From this arrest he sought to be liberated by a writ of habeas corpus, on the ground that subsequent to his conditional pardon, he had received an unconditional pardon. The Court denied the motion for his liberation, on the ground that it could not interfere with a warrant issued by a court of coequal jurisdiction.

RECRUITS FOR THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

The authorities ascertain from the register kept by the priesthood how many youths there are in the town or village, from 12 to 30 years of age; and whoever has five sons must part with four, the eldest only being left at home. A party of soldiers surround the house or school in which the youth or youths are, and then take them away by main force, at only a few minutes' notice, leaving them no time to say farewell to their friends. In one particular case, two youths, one 12 and the other 14, were kidnapped in this way from the house of their grandmother, aged 85, where they were stopping on a visit, and perhaps the poor fellows will never see their homes again. An army raised in this cruel and abominable way cannot be animated by much love for its commander, or zeal for his service. It must hate the flag under which it is compelled to fight, and be ready to yield at any time to a generous enemy.

There are in the United States Sub Treasury at Jeffersonville $102,018 49 on deposit; and $95,837 82 subject to draft.